



EMBELLISHED QUARTERLY, WITH A HANDSOME ENGRAVING.

VOL. VII. [III. NEW SERIES.]

HUDSON, FEBRUARY 12, 1831.

NO. 19.

POPULAR TALES.

From Friendship's Offering.

THE COUSINS.

BY MISS MITFORD.

Towards the middle of the principal street in my native town of Cranley, stands or did stand, for I speak of things that happened many years back, a very long fronted, very regular, very ugly brick house, whose large gravelled court flanked on each side by offices reaching to the street, was divided from the pavement by iron gates and palisades, and a row of Lombardy poplars, rearing their slender columns so as to veil, without shading, a mansion which evidently considered itself, and was considered by its neighbors, as holding the first rank in the place. That mansion, indisputably the best in town, belonged, of course, to the lawyer; and that lawyer was, as may not unfrequently be found in small places, one of the most eminent solicitors in the county.

Richard Molesworth, the individual in question, was a person obscurely born, and slenderly educated, who by dint of prudence, industry, integrity, tact, and luck, had risen through the various gradations of writing clerk, managing clerk, and junior partner, to be himself the head of a great office, and a man of no small property or slight importance. Half of Cranley belonged to him, for he had the passion for brick and mortar often observed amongst those who have accumulated large fortunes in totally different pursuits, and liked nothing better than running up rows and terraces, repairing villas, and rebuilding farm houses. The better half of Cranley called him master, to say nothing of six or seven snug farms in the neighborhood, of the goodly estate and manor of Hinton, famous for its preserves and fisheries, or of a command of floating capital which borrowers, who came to him with good security in their hands, found almost inexhaustible. In short, he was of those men with whom every thing had prospered through life; and, in spite of a profession too often obnoxious to an unjust, because sweeping prejudice, there

was a pretty universal feeling amongst all who knew him that his prosperity was deserved. A kind temper, a moderate use of power and influence, a splendid hospitality, and that judicious liberality which shows itself in small things as well great ones (for it is by two-penny savings that men get an ill name) served to ensure his popularity with high and low. Perhaps even his tall, erect, portly figure, his good-humored countenance, cheerful voice, and frank address, contributed something to his reputation; his remarkable want of pretension or assumption of any sort certainly did, and as certainly the absence of every thing striking, clever, or original, in his conversation. That he must be a man of personal as well as of professional ability, no one tracing his progress through life could for a moment doubt; but reversing the witty epigram on our wittiest monarch, he reserved his wisdom for his actions, and whilst all that he *did* showed the most admirable sense and judgment, he never *said* a word that rose above the merest common place, vapid, inoffensive, dull, and safe.

So accomplished, both in what he was and in what he was not, our lawyer, at the time of which we write, had been for many years the oracle of the country gentleman, held all public offices not inconsistent with each other, which their patronage could bestow, and in the shape of stewardships, trusts, and agencies, managed half the landed estates in the country. He was even admitted into visiting intercourse, on a footing of equality very uncommon in the aristocratic circles of country society—a society which is, for the most part quite as exclusive as that of London though in a different way. For this he was well suited, not merely by his own unaffected manners, high animal spirits, and nicety of tact, but by the circumstances of his domestic arrangements. After having been twice married, Mr. Molesworth found himself at nearly sixty, a second time a widower.

His first wife had been a homely, frugal, managing woman, whose few hundred pounds and her saving habits had, at that period of

his life, for they were early united, conducted in their several ways to benefit her equally thrifty but far more aspiring husband. She never had a child; and, after doing him all possible good in her life time, was so kind as to die just as his interest and his ambition required more liberal house-keeping, and higher connexion, each of which, as he well knew, would repay its cost. For connexion accordingly he married, choosing the elegant though portionless sister of a poor baronet, by whom he had two daughters at intervals of seven years; the eldest being just of sufficient age to succeed her mother as mistress of the family, when she had the irreparable misfortune to lose the earliest, the tenderest, and the most inestimable friend that a young woman can have. Very precious was the memory of her dear mother to Agnes Molesworth! Although six years had passed between her death and the period at which our little story begins, the affectionate daughter had never ceased to lament her loss.

It was to his charming daughters that Mr. Molesworth's pleasant house owed its chief attraction. Conscious of his own deficient education, no pains or money had been spared in accomplishing them to the utmost height of fashion.

The least accomplished was, however, as not unfrequently happens, by far the most striking: and many a high-born and wealthy client, disposed to put himself thoroughly at ease at his solicitor's table, and not at all shaken in his purpose by the sight of the pretty Jessy—a short, light, airy girl, with a bright sparkling countenance, all lilies, and roses, and dimples, and smiles, sitting, exquisitely dressed, in an elegant morning gown, with her guitar in her lap, her harp at her side, and her drawing table before her; has suddenly felt himself awed into his best and most respectful breeding, when introduced to her retiring but self-possessed elder sister, drest with an almost matronly simplicity, and evidently full, not of her own airs and graces, but of the modest and serious courtsey which becomed her station as the youthful mistress of the house.

Dignity, a mild and gentle but still a most striking dignity, was the prime characteristic of Agnes Molesworth in look and in mind. Her beauty was the beauty of sculpture, as contradistinguished from that of painting; depending mainly on form and expression, and little on color. There could hardly be a stronger contrast than existed between the marble purity of her finely grained complexion, the softness of her deep grey eye, the calm composure of her exquisitely moulded features, and the rosy cheeks, the brilliant glances, and the playful animation of Jessy.—In a word, Jessy was a pretty girl, and Agnes was a beautiful woman. Of these several facts both sisters were of course perfectly aware; Jessy, because every body told her so, and she must have been deaf to have escaped the knowledge;

Agnes, from some process equally certain, but less direct; for few would have ventured to take the liberty of addressing a personal compliment to one evidently too proud to find pleasure in any thing so nearly resembling flattery, as praise.

Few excepting her looking glass and her father, had ever told Agnes that she was handsome, and yet she was as conscious of her surpassing beauty as Jessy of her sparkling prettiness; and perhaps as a mere question of appearance and becomingness, there might have been as much coquetry in the severe simplicity of attire and of manner which distinguished one sister, as in the elaborate adornment and innocent showing off of the other. There was, however, between them exactly such a real and internal difference of taste and character as the outward show served to indicate. Both were true, gentle, good and kind; but the elder was as much loftier in mind as in stature, was full of high pursuit and noble purpose; had abandoned drawing, from feeling herself dissatisfied with her own performances, as compared with the works of real artists; reserved her musical talent entirely for her domestic circle, because she put too much of soul into that delicious art to make it a mere amusement; and was only saved from becoming a poetess, by her almost exclusive devotion to the very great in poetry; to Woodsworth, to Milton and to Shakespeare. These tastes she very wisely kept to herself; but they gave a higher and firmer tone to her character and manners; and more than one peer, when seated at Mr. Molesworth's hospitable table, has thought within himself how well his beautiful daughter would become a coronet.

Marriage, however, seemed little in her thoughts. Once or twice, indeed, her kind father had pressed on her brilliant establishments that had offered; but her sweet questions, 'Are you tired of me? Do you wish me away?' had always gone straight to his heart, and had put aside for the moment the ambition of his nature even for this his favorite child.

Of Jessy, with all her youthful attraction he had always been less proud, perhaps less fond. Besides, her destiny he had long in his own mind considered as decided.—Charles Woodford, a poor relation brought up by his kindness, and recently returned into his family from a great office in London, was the person on whom he had long ago fixed for the husband of his youngest daughter, and for the immediate partner and eventual successor to his great and flourishing business: a choice that seemed fully justified by the excellent conduct and remarkable talents of his orphan cousin and by the apparently good understanding and mutual affection that subsisted between the young people.

This arrangement was the more agreeable to him, as providing munificently for Jessy, it allowed him the privilege of making, as in lawyer phrase he used to boast, 'an eldest son' of Ag-

nes, who would by this marriage offer younger sister, become one of the richest heiresses of the county. He had even in his own mind, elected her future spouse, in the person of a young baronet who had lately been much at the house, and in favor of whose expected addresses (for the proposal had not yet been made; the gentleman had gone no farther than attentions) he had determined to exercise the paternal authority which had so long lain dormant.

But in the affairs of love, as of all others, man is born to disappointments.—‘*L’homme propose, et Dieu dispose*,’ is never truer than in the great matter of matrimony. So found poor Mr. Molesworth, who (Jessy having arrived at the age of eighteen, and Charles at that of two and twenty) offered his pretty daughter and the lucrative partnership to his penniless relation, and was petrified with astonishment and indignation to find the connexion very respectfully, but very firmly declined. The young man was very much distressed and agitated; ‘he had the highest respect for Miss Jessy: but he could not marry her—he loved another!’ And then he poured forth a confidence as unexpected as it was undesired by his incensed patron, who left him in undiminished wrath and increased perplexity.

This interview had taken place immediately after breakfast; and when the conference was ended, the provoked father sought his daughters, who, happily unconscious of all that had occurred, were amusing themselves in their splendid conservatory; a scene always as becoming as it is agreeable to youth and beauty. Jessy was flitting about like a butterfly amongst the fragrant orange trees and the bright geraniums; Agnes standing under a superb fuschia that hung over a large marble basin, her form and attitude, her white dress, and the classical arrangement of her dark hair, giving her the look of some nymph or naiad, a rare relic of Grecian art. Jessy was prattling gaily, as she wandered about, of a concert which they had attended the evening before at the county town.

‘I hate concerts!’ said the pretty little flirt. ‘To sit bolt upright on a hard bench for four hours, between the same four people, without the possibility of moving or of speaking to any body, or of any body’s getting to us! Oh! how tiresome it is!’

‘I saw Sir Edmund trying to slide thro’ the crowd to reach you,’ said Agnes a little archly; ‘his presence would perhaps have mitigated the evil, but the barricade was too complete; he was forced to retreat, without accomplishing his object.’

‘Yes, I assure you, he thought it very tiresome; he told me so when we were coming out. And then the music!’ pursued Jessy; ‘the noise that they call music! Sir Edmund says that he likes no music except my guitar, or a flute on the water: and I like none except your playing on the organ, and singing

Handel on a Sunday evening, and Charles Woodford’s reading Milton and bits of Hamlet.’

‘Do you call that music?’ asked Agnes, laughing. ‘And yet,’ continued she, ‘it is most truly so, with his rich Pasta-like voice, and his fine sense of sound; and to you who do not greatly love poetry for its own sake, it is doubtless a pleasure much resembling in kind that of hearing the most thrilling of melodies on the noblest of instruments. I myself have felt such a gratification in hearing that voice recite the verses of Homer or of Sophocles in the original Greek. Charles Woodford’s reading is music.’

‘It is a music which you are neither of you likely to hear again,’ interrupted Mr. Molesworth, advancing suddenly towards them; ‘for he has been ungrateful, and I have discarded him.’

Agnes stood as if petrified: ‘Ungrateful! oh father!’

‘You cant have discarded him, to be sure, papa,’ said Jessy always good natured! ‘poor Charles! what can he have done?’

‘Refused your hand, child,’ said the angry parent; ‘refused to be my partner and son in law, and fallen in love with another lady! What have you to say for him now?’

‘Why, really, papa,’ replied Jessy, ‘I’m much more obliged to him for refusing my hand than to you for offering it, I like Charles very well for a cousin, but I should not like such a husband at all; so that if this refusal be the worst that has happened, there’s no great harm done.’ And off the gipsy ran; declaring that ‘she must put on her habit, for she had promised to ride with Sir Edmund and his sister, and expected them every minute.’

The father and his favourite daughter remained in the conservatory.

‘That heart is untouched, however,’ said Mr. Molesworth, looking after her with a smile.

‘Untouched by Charles Woodford, undoubtedly,’ replied Agnes, ‘but has he really refused my sister?’

‘Absolutely.’

‘And does he love another!’

‘He says so, and I believe him.’

‘Is he loved again?’

‘That he did not say.’

‘Did he tell you the name of the lady?’

‘Yes.’

‘Do you know her?’

‘Yes.’

‘Is she worthy of him?’

‘Most worthy.’

‘Has he any hope of gaining her affections? Oh! he must! he must! What woman could refuse him?’

‘He is determined not to try. The lady whom he loves is above him in every way; and much as he has counteracted my wishes, it is an honorable part of Charles Woodford’s conduct, that he intends to leave his affection unsuspected by its object.’

Here ensued a short pause in the dialogue,

during which Agnes appeared trying to occupy herself with collecting the blossoms of a Cape jessamine and watering a favourite geranium; but it would not do; the subject was at her heart, and she could not force her mind to indifferent occupations. She returned to her father, who had been anxiously watching the varying expression of her countenance, and resumed the conversation.

'Father! perhaps it is hardly maidenly to avow to much, but although you have never in set words told me your intention, I have yet seen and known, I can hardly tell how, all your too kind partiality towards me has designed for your children. You have mistaken me, dearest father, doubly mistaken me; first in thinking me fit to fill a splendid place in society; next, in imagining that I desired such splendor. You meant to give Jessy and the lucrative partnership to Charles Woodford, and designed me and your large possessions to our wealthy and titled neighbour. And with some little change of persons these arrangements may for the most part hold good. Sir Edmund may still be your son-in-law and your heir, for he loves Jessy and Jessy loves him. Charles Woodford may still be your partner and your adopted son for nothing has chanced that need diminish your affection or his merit. Marry him to the woman he loves. She must be ambitious indeed, if she be not content with such a destiny. And let me live on with you, dear father, single and unwedded, with no thought but to contribute to your comfort, to cheer and brighten your declining years. Do not let your too great fondness for me stand in the way of their happiness! Make me not so odious to them and to yourself, dear father! Let me live always with you—always your own poor Agnes!' And blushing at the earnestness with which she had spoken, she bent her head over the marble basin, whose waters reflected the fair image as if she had really been the Grecian statue to which, whilst he listened, her fond father's fancy had compared her: 'Let me live single with you, and marry Charles to the woman whom he loves.'

'Have you heard the name of the lady in question? Have you formed any guess who she may be?'

'Not the slightest. I imagined from what you said that she was a stranger to me. Have I ever seen her?'

'You may see her—at least you may see her reflection in the water at this very moment; for he has had the infinite presumption, the admirable good taste, to fall in love with his cousin Agnes!'

'Father!'

'And now mine own sweetest! do you still wish to live single with me?'

'Oh father! father?'

'Or do you desire that I should marry Charles to the woman of his heart?'

'Father! dear father!'

'Choose my Agnes! It shall be as you com-

mand. Speak freely. Do not cling so around me, but speak!'

'Oh, my dear father! Cannot we all live together? I cannot leave you. But poor Charles—surely, father, we may all live together?'

And so it was settled; and a very few months proved that love had contrived better for Mr. Molesworth than he had done for himself. Jessy with her prettiness and her title, and her fopperies, was the very thing to be vain of—the very thing to visit for a day; but Agnes and the cousin whose noble character and splendid talents so well deserved her, made the pride and the happiness of his home.

THE TRIPLE MARRIAGE.

BY SAMUEL HAZZARD.

(Concluded.)

It was late on an afternoon of June that Rodney Reave, after an absence of four months, returned.—No one came to receive him but his mother. He asked impatiently for his wife.

'Your wife,' said the old lady coldly, 'has gone to ride with Mr. Richards;' and she left him to his thoughts. Poor Rodney dropped into a chair with a dreadful feeling of faintness. While he was thus sitting, Amy returned. There was something in that pale face and heaven-raised eye—something in the sigh with which she entered the room, that belied all that his mother had written. Where was the wanton she had described? It was his own pure wife; and his heart leaped to meet her.

'My own Amy!' he exclaimed. With a scream of joy she sprung to his arms. Long and fervent was that embrace. Their tears mingled, and falling on their hearts like the rain of heaven, the jealous fears that corroded them were all extinguished. With huge dismay, the old lady saw all her labours prostrated by the omnipotent sweep of love. But she despaired not. In two weeks there was to be another voyage. With an earnestness almost ominous, Amy begged to accompany her husband. She wept—she implored him not to leave her. Capt. Reave hesitated; he was even on the point of giving his consent, when the old lady started so many and such strong objections, that he embraced his wife, and once more committed her to the tender mercies of his mother. Mrs. Reave set to work with renewed resolution. Iago himself never touched the springs of jealousy more cunningly. Amy ventured to take one or two private lessons in writing from Mr. Richards. The old lady discovered and made a great rout about it. She requested Mr. R. to discontinue his visits, and industriously communicated the 'closeting,' as she styled it, enlarged and embellished, to her son.

Tokens of success at length appeared. Capt. Reave began to address his letters to his mother, instead of his wife; and at last intimated a desire that she would watch Amy narrowly.

It elated the old lady beyond measure, and encouraged her to change her battery upon the unfortunate girl. She taunted her with her low birth; read her severe passages from Rodney's letters; dwelt indignantly on what he might have done, had it not been for her foolish love; and even hinted that he would divorce her at his return and marry Caroline Lee, who was still alive with free hand and dower. The poor Amy Reave was nearly distracted. Her waking thoughts were misery; and her mother-in-law sat upon her slumbers like an incubus.—Capt. Reave was expected home.

'Hadn't you better,' said the dowager coaxingly, 'spend a few days in the country. Your health is miserable, and exercise will be of service to you. And here is a letter which says that Rodney left Stockholm on the 30th of September, and let me see—this is only the 12th of October; so we need not look for him these three weeks.'

Amy sighed—'Certainly, madam, if you think it best.'

'Well, dear, then I will get Mr. Cheney to drive you out to Mrs. Hexham's, who keeps a nice boarding-house on the Taunton road.' Now the fact was, old Mrs. Reave had that morning received a letter from her son, stating that he had anchored at Newport, and might be expected home on the next day but one. Mr. Cheney was a young sea captain, who, to the widow Reave's certain knowledge, had cast on Amy a licentious eye; and Mrs. Hexham's nice boarding-house was nothing better or worse than a house of——! That very day Amy was removed, and thirty hours after Capt. Reave arrived and inquired for his wife.

'Your wife!' said his mother contemptuously, and then bursting into tears, 'Ah, poor boy! had you but hearkened to your mother!'

'In God's name,' cried Rodney, 'where is Amy?'

'Your wife, Capt. Reave,' said she, with affected calmness, 'went off day before yesterday with her old beau, John Cheney; and yesterday I heard of her at Nell Hexham's!'

Rodney stood unable to speak or move.

'Go!' cried his mother; 'go, poor dupe of a wanton! see for yourself, and at last be convinced;' and with a glance of mingled scorn and pity, she flung out of the room.

Stung to the soul, Reave ordered his carriage, and, in half an hour, it drew up in front of Mrs. Hexham's. His feet felt like lead as he moved to the steps. 'Is there a lady here of the name of Reave?' he asked of her that opened the door.

'Yes,' said the Hexham.

'Mrs. Reave, the wife of Capt. Reave of——?'

'Yes,' said the harpy, 'and if the young man that brought her here don't call and pay her bill to-day, I will turn her, bag and baggage, into the street to-morrow.'

Rodney turned short on his heel, and re-entered his carriage.

Amy was lying down in her chamber when she heard her husband's voice. She thought she had been dreaming; but it came again, and in an instant she was moving to the door as rapidly as her feet could carry her. She reached it in time to see that of the carriage close after a form she knew too well. She screamed his name—but the whip cracked, the horses sprung off at full speed—and she fell down in a fit!

The courts were in session. A bill was granted annulling the marriage of George Rodney Reave and Amy Howland, for alleged misdemeanors of the latter, sworn and testified to by the widow Reave and Eleanor Hexham.

'Your honour is vindicated, my son,' and Mrs. Reave—but he felt that his heart was desolate.—Thought was madness—oblivion a luxury—intoxication brought it. In a few weeks the accomplished Rodney Reave was a finished sot! He did nothing, but drink, and that prodigiously.

His mother was frightened at her own work. Still she clung to her darling hope, like one drowning.—'Won't you have Caroline Lee?' she asked one day, in a most piteous tone.

I will,' said Rodney; and getting most gloriously drunk, he made a formal tender of his hand, and was rejected with disdain. It took a prodigious quantity of liquor to drown the memory of this disgrace. But to his mother it was a mortal blow. It actually brought on a fever, attended with the most horrible delirium, during which all the dreadful secrets of her heart crept forth to the light of day. She raved incessantly of Amy, in a way that fixed the reeling eyes of her son, and made the servants whisper and shake their heads. At length she slept and woke to reason. But its accusations were more dreadful than madness. Driven with a whip of scorpions, she confessed to her son the innocence of his wife—her own infamy—and died! It effectually sobered him.

Where now was that injured wife? Who knew that she had not perished of want and a broken heart? or, driven by his cruelty to despair, that she had not re-entered the house of shame where he found her, and was now doubly lost to him. His senses reeled at the thought. A brain fever seized him, and he raved for weeks. He awoke, at length, on the borders of the grave. Horrible had been his visions. But still, amid the fiends that haunted him, there had flitted occasionally 'a form of life and light,' at whose presence they would vanish, and a coolness like the dew of heaven visit his burning brain. He awoke—that angel was at his bed-side regarding him with tears of compassion and mercy. Could it be? Was such a look for him? And then, too, so very like those dear eyes! It was—it must be—he felt it in his heart; there was but one being in the universe who could thus regard him. He gasped as if he would have spoken, but her hand was instantly placed on his mouth.

'Attempt it not,' said Amy—'it is I—I know all, all is forgiven.' Long and fondly did he hold that dear hand in the feeble clasp of his, and *look* the blessing he could not articulate; long and freely did he weep. A sweet slumber followed, and, as if he had been touched with the talismanic wand of the healing spirit, his convalescence was immediate and rapid. In a week he was able to sit on a sofa beside his beloved.

'And now,' said he 'put me off no longer—tell me all you have suffered since —'

'Alas! I cannot *all*,' said Amy, quickly relieving the painful pause—'not *all*, for, happily for me, I was unconscious of suffering for more than two months. They tell me that I kept my bed for half that time, at a compassionate farmer's, who took me out of the streets—and then rose a confirmed maniac. They tell me that I have been in the fields all night, at times—that hours upon hours I have sat weeping on your door-stone, begging to be admitted, and telling all who passed that it was my house; but surely you could not have known it?'

Rodney groaned, and covered his eyes with his hand. 'Oh God, no! I was too drunk!'

Amy proceeded. 'Of my recovery I can give no account. The first that I recollect, I was making a glove at Mr. Banim's my preserver, who lives only, two miles out of town. He had the goodness to furnish me with work from the shops in town; and I spent two weeks more in his house. He was in the habit of attending market two or three times a week, and on his return one day, brought me the news of your mother's death and dreadful confessions.—Judge of its effect upon me. I thought my reason would have left me again. From the depth of infamy, to be restored to honour and your good opinion! it was almost too much for my feeble frame. On my knees I poured out my thanks to God, and prayed for your peace of mind. The very next day I heard of your illness. Knowing that you were convinced of my innocence, could I hesitate how to act? No—not even in thought. Amy, the repudiated, perhaps the despised, you could not prevent being your nurse.'

Humbled to the dust, Rodney knelt at her feet in speechless gratitude. 'Angel of my life,' at length said he, 'complete your work of mercy—save me from my vices, by becoming once more mine.'

'Rise and listen to me,' said Amy seriously; 'I have resolved never again to marry above my station—nay, interrupt me not; if you wish what you say, first give me education, and at the end two years—nay, it is my sole condition—teach me to write—I shall want to be able to read your letters.'

Rodney sighed, but remonstrated not. It was not for him to prescribe or even hint terms to her. He would have waited her time like a very Jacob. That very day he commenced his task. He set all her copies with his own hand. She set to her task *con amore*. In a

very few weeks she could, with great rapidity, make a perfect fac simile of that dear autograph to decipher the least of whose syllables she would so often have given worlds, if she had them. Rodney was now perfectly recovered, and removed his betrothed to his aunt's in Boston. Here masters in all the liberal and ornamental branches were provided her, and she began her studies in good earnest. I cannot conceive of rapture more unspeakable than that with which the first unsealing of the mysteries of knowledge deluges the matured and gifted, but neglected mind. It is like what translation was to Enoch. And nothing can be more astonishing than the progress of such a mind, when, at last, it commences its march. It is onward—conquering and to conquer. Amy Reave did not stop on the threshold of knowledge. Philosophy and poetry opened their fountains to her, and, with all the eagerness of a soul just awakened to a feeling of the immortal thirst, she drank and was regenerated. A new spirit was within her, and senses of agencies hitherto unknown. The drapery of the world was new; so were the tints of the sky, and the hues of forest and flower. She heard, for the first time, the music of the spheres. There were voices from the groves and waters—voices in the air, and a voice in her bosom, mingling with the still accents of her heart's religion, and whispering of immortality with a distinctness creative of thoughts as boundless as they were triumphant.

But to conclude. Two years, as measured by the delighted engagedness of Amy in her new pursuits, *flew*—as measured by the extent and variety of her acquisitions, and the impatience of Rodney, *crept* away, and he saw her at the altar, once more his bride. But with feelings, oh how different! Before, his eye of passion had rested on an artless and beautiful girl indeed; but now, he saw beside him God's noblest work—a woman conscious of an intellect. There was deep respect mingled with the freedom of his gaze, and religious awe chastening its ardour. His dream of passion was over. He had sinned deeply; he had passed the ordeal of a most horrid purgatory, and was now waked to the heaven of virtuous love. Of his incomparable bride what more shall we say. Many daughters of Eve have done worthily, but none ever filled the heart of a husband with deeper springs of affection, or their station in life with more merited applause.—*American Monthly Magazine*.

MISCELLANEOUS.

A YANKEE TRICK.

It is well known that in the good old days of our fathers, when New England was truly the land of steady habits, there would occasionally spring up a volatile and fun-loving character, whose disposition and habits formed a striking contrast with the upright and conscientious bearing of the puritans. There were two farm-

ers of this cast who lived very near each other; one of them was the owner of very fine sheep, but who, having a decided antipathy to confinement, would sometimes trespass on the enclosure of their master's neighbour.—The other having caught them in one of these overt acts, determined to inflict summary vengeance on the intruders and their owner. With this intent he proceeded to catch them, and running his knife through one of their hind legs, between the tendon and the bone, immediately above the knee joint, put the other leg through the hole. In this condition the woolly flock decamped, leaving one quarter less tracks than when they came. The feeder of sheep kept his own counsel; and soon after his neighbour's hogs having broken or dug into his enclosures, he took advantage of this opportunity for retaliation by cutting their mouths from ear to ear. In this way the four-footed grunTERS, rather *chop fallen*, made their way to their own quarters. The owner of the swine soon made his appearance in a great rage, declaring his hogs were ruined, and that he would have redress. His neighbour made answer that it was he who ruined them, 'For the fact is friend, I did'nt cut open them are hog's mouths, but seeing my sheep running on three legs they split their mouths a laughing.'

Anecdote of Burns.—Perhaps no man ever more severely inflicted the castigation of reproof than Burns. The following anecdote will illustrate the fact. The conversation one night at the King's Arms, Dumfries, turning on the death of a townsman, whose funeral was to take place on the following day. 'By the by,' said one of the company addressing himself to Burns, 'I wish you would lend your black coat for the occasion, my own being rather out of repair.'—'Having myself to attend the same funeral,' answered Burns, 'I am sorry that I cannot lend you my *sables*, but I can recommend a most excellent substitute; *throw your character over your shoulders*—that will be the *blackest coat* you ever wore in all your life time.'

An Answer.—A pedagogue in Berkshire, not long since, inquired 'what part of speech is *Oh!* and *Ah!*' or, 'what is an *Interjection?*' The lad not knowing, the knight of the rod attempted to illustrate by again asking, 'what should you say if a man seized you violently by the arm?' 'Why, I should tell him to let me alone, *darnation quick!*'

Do people love to be cheated.—If not why is it that *quacks* are more run after than men of science? Why are the shops of *sharpers* more frequented than those of men who sell at regular and fair prices?—Why are *demagogues* more popular than true patriots? Why are literary *mountebanks* preferred to men of true wisdom?—Why is it that *cheap* school masters are in better request than *good* ones?

Why are the most *flimsy* periodicals well patronized, while the labours of a *Silliman* go unrequited? Why do men drain their purses, and expend their houses and lands for *poisonous* drinks, while the *pure water* provided by heavenly benevolence, is spurned as unwholesome and dangerous?

RURAL REPOSITORY.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 12, 1831.

The Bouquet, and Ladies' Musical Port Folio.—We have been favoured with the first number of a new periodical under the above title, edited and published by Snowden and Peters, Pittsburgh. The 'Bouquet' is to be issued semi-monthly, and will be devoted exclusively to Music, the Fine Arts and Polite Literature; among the original communications we noticed several by our old friend, William Piatt, who will no doubt be a frequent contributor to its columns. It is neatly printed, on good paper, in the quarto form, and promises fair to merit an extensive patronage, especially from the lovers of music.—Terms three dollars per annum, payable on the receipt of the first number.

LITERARY PREMIUMS.

The publisher of the RURAL REPOSITORY desirous of presenting his patrons with original matter worthy the extensive patronage hitherto received, of encouraging literary talent and of exciting a spirit of emulation among his old correspondents, and others who are in the habit of writing for the various periodicals of the day, is induced to offer the following Premiums, which he flatters himself they will consider deserving of their notice.

For the best ORIGINAL TALE (to occupy not less than three pages of the Repository) \$20

For the second best, the Tokens for 1830 and 31, and the third, fourth, fifth, sixth and seventh volumes of the Repository, handsomely bound.

For the third do. the Talisman for 1830, and the fifth, sixth and seventh volumes of the Repository.

For the best POEM, not less than forty nor over a hundred lines, \$5.

For the second best, the Atlantic Souvenir for 1831, and the fifth, sixth and seventh volumes of the Repository, handsomely bound.

For the third do. the fifth, sixth and seventh volumes of the Repository.

Communications intended for the prizes must be directed (*post paid*) to William B. Stoddard, Hudson, N. Y. and forwarded previous to the first of July next—each enclosing a sealed envelope of the name and residence of the writer, which will not be opened, except attached to a piece entitled to one of the prizes. The merits of the pieces will be determined by a Committee of Literary Gentlemen selected for the purpose.

☞ All Publishers and Editors of papers, with whom we exchange, and others favorable to the cause of Literature, will confer a favour by giving the above a few insertions.

SUMMARY.

It is stated in the New-York Courier, that Washington Irving received 38,000 dollars for the copyrights of his three last publications, all which were published in the course of eighteen months. The Carvills paid him 10,000 dollars for his *Columbus*.

The Young Reader.—This is a new School Book compiled by Mr. J. Pierpont, and published by Richardson & Lord, of Boston. It is intended as 'a companion for the Spelling Book,' and consists of eighty-five short reading lessons in prose and verse, adapted to the capacity of children, and well fitted to interest and improve their minds. It is embellished with a number of appropriate prints.

Portrait of Bishop Hobart.—A fine engraving, and we are happy to add, a striking likeness, of this deeply-lamented prelate, will accompany the forthcoming 'Memorial of Bishop Hobart,' now in the press of the Messrs. Swords of this city.

MARRIED.

In this city, on the 17th ult. by the Rev. Mr. Whitcomb, Mr. John Chase, to Miss Caroline Holt.

At Hillsdale, on the 19th ult. by the Rev. Timothy Woodbridge, Henry Loop, Esq. to Miss Malinda M'Kinstry, both of that place.

DIED.

In this city, on the 1st inst. Frances A. daughter of Capt. George E. Seymour, aged about 15 months.

On the 30th ult. Edward Warren, son of Warren J. Rockwell, aged 5 years.

On Saturday, 15th ult. John Hathaway, aged 13 years, son of Mrs. Beulah Miller, widow of the late Cornelius Miller, Esq.

In Kinderhook, on the 26th ult. Mr. Peter Van Vleck, in the 60th year of his age.

At New-York, on the 30th ult. Mrs. Mary Van, wife of Silas E. Burrows, Esq. in the 29th year of her age, daughter of the late Abraham Van Buskirk, of Athens.



POETRY.

From the Token for 1831.

THE LAST REQUEST.

BY B. B. THATCHER.

Bury me by the ocean's side—
O give me a grave on the verge of the deep,
Where the noble tide,
When the sea-gales blow, my marble may sweep—
And the glistening surf
Shall burst on my turf,
And bathe my cold bosom in death as I sleep!
Bury me by the sea—
That the vesper at eve-fall may sing o'er my grave.
Like the hymn of the bee.
Or the hum of the shell in the silent wave!
Or an anthem-roar
Shall be beat on the shore
By the storm and surge like a march of the brave!
Bury me by the deep
Where a living footstep never may tread—
And come not to weep—
O wake not with sorrow the dream of the dead!
But leave me the dirge
Of the breaking surge,
And the silent tears of the sea on my head!
And grave no Parian praise—
Purple no turf for the heartless tomb—
And burn no holy blaze,
To flatter the awe of its solemn gloom!
For the holier light
Of the star-eyed night,
And the violet morning my rest will illumine;
And honours, more dear
Than of sorrow and love shall, be strewn on my clay
By the young green year,
With its fragrant dews and its crimson array—
O leave me to sleep
On the verge of the deep,
Till the sky and the seas shall have passed away!

From the Literary Souvenir for 1831.

LINES.

Suggested by the sight of a beautiful Statue of a dead Child.

BY A. A. WATTS.

I saw thee in thy beauty! bright phantom of the past;
I saw thee for a moment—'twas the first time and the last;
And though years since then have glided by of mingled
bliss and care,
I never have forgotten thee, thou fairest of the fair!
I saw thee in thy beauty! thou wert graceful as the fawn,
When, in very wantonness of glee, it sports upon the lawn;
I saw thee seek the mirror, and when it met thy sight,
The very air was musical with thy burst of wild delight!
I saw thee in thy beauty! with thy sister by thy side;
She a lily of the valley, thou a rose in all its pride!
I looked upon thy mother—there was triumph in her eyes,
And I trembled for her happiness—for grief had made me wise!
I saw thee in thy beauty, with one hand among her curls—
The other, with no gentle grasp, had seized a string of pearls;

She felt the pretty trespass, and she chid thee, tho' she smiled,
And I knew not which was lovelier, the mother or the child

I saw thee in thy beauty! and a tear came to mine eye,
As I pressed thy rosy cheek to mine, and thought even thou could'st die!

Thy home was like a summer bower, by thy joyous presence made:

But I only saw the sunshine, and I felt alone the shade!

I see thee in thy beauty! for there thou seem'st to lie,
In slumber resting peacefully, but, oh, the change of eye—

That still serenity of brow—those lips that breathe no more,

Proclaim thee but a mockery fair of what thou wert of yore.

I see thee in thy beauty! with thy waving hair at rest,
And thy busy little fingers folded lightly on thy breast;
But thy merry dance is over, and thy little race is run;
And the mirror that reflected two can now give back but one.

I see thee in thy beauty! with thy mother by thy side—
But her loveliness is faded, and quelled her glance of pride;

The smile is absent from her lip, and absent are the pearls,

And a cap, almost of widowhood, conceals her envied curls.

I see thee in thy beauty! as I saw thee on that day—
But the mirth that gladdened then thy home, fled with thy life away.

I see thee lying motionless upon the accustomed floor,
But my heart hath blinded both my eyes—and I can see no more.

ENIGMAS.

Answer to the PUZZLES in our last.

PUZZLE I.—Mo-nt-re-al.

PUZZLE II.—A pack of cards.

NEW PUZZLES.

I.

Expunge from a figure in rhet'ric a letter,
Then see the sweet charms to which beauty's a debtor;
The finest cosmetic applied to the face,
To brighten the features and add to their grace,
That may safely be us'd by the young and the old,
And never was tax'd, though sometimes 'tis sold.

II.

My first denoteth grief and anguish;
My second's born that grief to feel;
And when it does in torture languish,
My whole can aid, and often heal.

JUST RECEIVED AND FOR SALE BY

A. STODDARD,

The Token and Atlantic Souvenir for 1831—The Water Witch or the Skimmer of the Seas, by Cooper—Paul Clifford and Falkland, by the Author of Pelham—De L'Orme, by the Author of Richelieu and Darnley—The Family Library, containing the History of the Jews, Life of Buonaparte, &c.—Also, the following

NEW SCHOOL BOOKS,

Malte Brun's School Geography and Atlas, National Preceptor, Child's Manual, Peter Parley's Method of telling about Geography, Colburn's Intellectual Arithmetic and Sequel—Also,

Garden Seeds and Herbs, &c.

Put up by the United Society at New-Lebanon.

RURAL REPOSITORY,

Is printed and published every other Saturday at One Dollar per annum, payable in advance, by WILLIAM B. STODDARD, at Ashbel Stoddard's Printing Office and Book Store, No. 135, Corner of Warren and Third Streets, Hudson, N. Y.—where communications may be left, or transmitted through the post office. All Orders and Communications must be post paid to receive attention.